

*isolated  
&  
Perfect.  
J. H. 1790.*

**TOM TYLER**  
AND  
**His Wife.**  
**AN EXCELLENT OLD**  
**P L A Y,**

A S

*It was Printed and Acted about a  
hundred Years ago.*

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*The second Impression.*

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LONDON,  
Printed in the Year. 1661.  
*1590*

## The names of the Players.

*Destinie*, A sage Parson.  
*Desire*, The Vice.  
*Tom Tyler*, A labouring Man.  
*Strife*, Tom Tylers Wife.  
*Sturdie*, A Gossip.  
*Typple*, An Ale-wife.  
*Tom Tayler*, An Artificer.  
*Patience*, A sage Parson.

## ¶ THE PROLOGUE.

MY dutie first in humble wise fulfill'd;  
I humbly come, as humbly as I am will'd,  
To represent, and eke to make report,  
That after me you shall hear merrie sport.  
To make you joy and laugh at merrie toyes,  
I mean a play set out by prettie boyes.  
Whereto we crave your silence and good will,  
To take it well: although he wanted skill  
That made the same so perfectly to write,  
As his good will would further and it might.  
The effect whereof it boots not to recite,  
For presently yee shall have it in sight.  
Nor in my head such cunning doth confisit,  
They shall themselves declare it as they list.  
But my good will I promised them to do,  
Which was to come before to pray of you,  
To make them room, and silence as you may,  
Which being done, they shall come in to play.

Here entreth in Destinie and Desire.



Represent the part that men report,  
To be a plague to men in many a sort.  
Destinie. I am, which as your Proverbs go,  
In weddng or hanging am taken for a so,  
Where as indeed the truth is nothing so.  
Be it well or ill as all things hap in fine,  
The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.  
Desire. I am glad I met you.  
Destinie. Whither set you?  
Desire. I set I tell you true, to seek and see you,  
To tell you such newes, as I cannot chuse.  
Destinie. I pray you what is that?  
Desire. Sirra know you not Tom Tyler your man?  
Destinie. Yes Marry, what than?  
Desire. He made sute to me, his frind for to be,  
To get him a wife, to lead a good life.  
And so I consented, and was well contented,

To help him to woo, with all I could do.  
And married he is.  
Destinie. But what soz all this?  
Desire. Marry that shall you know, his wife is a shrow,  
And I hear tell, she doth not use him well.  
Wherfore he speaks shame of thee and my name.  
Destinie. If you so framed, to have your name blamed,  
Oz your deeds be noughtie, what am I faultie?  
I know no cause why;  
Desire. No more do I.  
I did my good will, and though he sped ill,  
I care not a flie.  
Destinie. Let them two frie.  
They match as they can, the wife and good man,  
In wealth or in wo, as masters do go.  
And let us not mind, their lot to unbind,  
But rather forget them.  
Desire. Marry so let them.  
For as for my part, though it long to my Art  
Mens hearts to inflame, their fancie to frame  
When they have obtained, I am not constrained  
To do any more.  
Destinie. Content thee therefore,  
And let thy heart rest, for so it is best.  
And let us away, as fast as we may.  
Soz fear he come to you.  
Desire. Marry have with you. Here they both go in.

¶ Tom Tyler commeth in singing.  
*The Proverb reporteth, no man can deny,  
That wedding and hanging is destiny.*

A Song. I Am a poor Tyler in simple array,  
I And get a poor living, but eight pence a day,  
My wife as I get it, doth spend it away;  
And I cannot help it, she saith; wot ye why,  
For wedding and hanging is destiny.  
I thought when I wed her, she had been a sheep,  
At boord to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep.  
She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep; But

Tom Tyler and his Wife.

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But I dare say nothing god wot, wot ye why?  
For weddng and hanging is destiny.  
Besides this unkindnesse whereof my grief grows,  
I think few Tylers are matcht with such shrows;  
Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal blows  
Which early and late doth cause me cry,  
That weddng and hanging is destiny.  
The more that I please her, the worse she doth like me,  
The more I forbear her, the more she doth strike me,  
The more that I get her the more she doth grieve me;  
No worth this ill Fortune that maketh me crie  
That weddng and hanging is destiny.  
If I had been hanged when I had been married,  
My torments had ended, though I had miscarried;  
If I had been warned, then world I have tarried;  
But now all to lately I feel and crie,  
That weddng and hanging is destiny.

The song ended, Tom Tyler speaketh  
T.Tiler. You see with what fashion I plead my passions;  
By marrying of Strife, which I chose to my wife,  
To leade such a life, with sorrow and grief,  
As I tell you true, is to bad for a Jew.  
She hath such skill, to do what she will,  
To gossipand to swill, when I fare but ill.  
I must work sore, I must get some more,  
I must still send it, and she will still spend it,  
I pray God amend it, but she doth not intend it.  
What should I say, but high me away,  
And do my work duly, where ich am paid truly?  
For if my wife come, up goeth my bomme,  
And she should come hither, and we met together,  
I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite.  
I therefore will go hie me, and to my work ple me,  
As fast as I can.

Here Tom Tyler goeth in, and his wife cometh out.  
Strife. Alasse silly man;  
What a husband have I, as light as a fly?  
I leap and I skip, I carry the whip,

And

And I bear the bell; If he please me not well,  
 I will take him by the pole, by cocks precious soul.  
 I will make him to toil, when I laugh and smile;  
 I will fare of the best, I will sit and take rest,  
 And make him to find all things to my mind.  
 And yet sharp as the wind, I will use him unkind,  
 And fain my self sick; there is no such trick,  
 To dolt with a Daw, and keep him in awe.  
 I will teach him to know the way to Dummoe.  
 At bord and at bed, I will crack the knabes head,  
 If he look but awry, or cast a sheeps eye:  
 So shall I be sure, to keep him in ure,  
 To serve like a knave, and live like a slave.  
 And in the mean season, I will have my own reason;  
 And no man to controle me, to pil or to pole me,  
 Which I love of life.

Sturdie. God speed gossip Strife. Sturdie entreth.  
 Strife. Well met Goodwife Sturdie, both welcom and  
 And ever I thank ye. worthe

Sturdie. I pray you go prank ye,  
 Ye are dew old huddle.

Strife. The Pigs in the puddle.  
 But now welcome indeed, and ye be agreed,  
 Let us have some chat.

Sturdie. Marry why nat?  
 For I am come hither, to gossip together,  
 For I drank not to day.

Strife. So I hear say.  
 But I tell you true, I thought not of you,  
 Yet the ale-wife of the Swan, is filling the Can,  
 With spice that is fine, and part shall be thine,  
 If that thou wilt farrie.

Sturdie. Why, yes by Saint Mary;  
 Else were I a fool.

Tip. Marrie here is good rule. Here entreth Tipple, with a  
pot in her hand, and a piece  
of Bacon.  
 A sight of good guesse.

Strife. Never a one lesse, now Tipple is come.

Tipple. And here is good binn, I dare boldly say.

Sturdie.

Sturdie. Why had not I some of this tother day?

Tipple. Make much of it now, and glad that ye may.

Come, where shall we sit? and here is a bit  
Of a Gammon of Bacon.

Strife. Well said by Laron.

Sit down even here, and fall to it there:

I would it were better for ye;

As long lives a merry heart as a sozie.

Tipple. Where is Tom Tiler now, where is he?

Strife. What carest thou where a dolt should be.

And where is your good man?

Tipple. Forsooth nought at home, he is abrod for pence.

Sturdie. Well, I had need to go hence,  
Least my good man do misse me.

Strife. I would teach him John come kisse me,  
If the dolt were mine.

Sturdie. Alas are you so fine!

Would God in all your chere, Tom Tiler saw you here;

Strife. What and if he did?

Tipple. Marris God forbid, the house would be too hot,

Strife. Now by this pewter pot,

And by this drinck I will drinck now,

God knows what I think now.

Sturdie. What think you Gossyp Strife?

Strife. I had rather then my life,

My husband would come hither,

That we might busk together,

Ye should see how I could tame him.

Tipple. Alas, and could ye blame him,

If that he were displeased?

Strife. He shall be soon appeased,

If either he gaspeth or glometh.

*Tom Tiler  
cometh in.*

Sturdie. By gods blew hood he cometh,

Away, by the Massa away, he will us all else say.

Tom. These summer dales be veris drye.

Strife. Pea, that is a devil a lie.

A knave, what dost thou here?

Tom. Ich shoulde have a pot of beer, & go to work again.

Strife.

strife. *Yea knave, shall honest men*  
*Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away,*  
*To loyter so and fro? I will teach thee soz to know*  
*How fast the houtes go. One, two, and three.*

T. Tiler. *I pray thee let be.* *She beateth him.*  
Strife. *Four, five and six; Lord, that I had some sticks,*  
*I would clapper claw thy bones,*  
*To make you tell your stones,*  
*The wosser while I know you;*  
T. Tiler. *Good wife I besherw you;*  
*I pray you leave tumbling.*

Strife. *Yea knave are you mumbling?*  
*Hence ye knave hence, bring me home pence,*  
*Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knaves head,*  
*Till the blood go about.*

T. Tiler. *Now our Lord keep we out, Tom Tiler goeth out.*  
*From this wicked wife.*

Sturdie. *Why, how now Strife? here is prettie rule;*  
Strife. *Hold your peace fool, it is no news for me;*  
*Let this talk be, and fall to your chere.*

Tipple. *Here is good beer, quaff and be merrie.*  
Strife. *I am half wearie with chiding alreadie.*

Sturdie. *Keep your brains steddie,*  
*And fall to your drinking.*

Tipple. *Pay fall to singing, and let us go dance.*  
Strife. *By my froth chance, and let us begin,*  
*Rise up gossips, and I will bring you in.*

¶ Here they sing.

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,*  
*More morter for Tom Tiler.*

**A** *So many as match themselves with shwoves, Strife*  
*May hap to carrie away the blowes, singeth this staff.*  
*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

*As many a Tyde both ebs and flowes,*  
*So many a misfortune comes and goes,*  
*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

Though

Tipple singeth **T**hough Tilers clime the house to tile,  
*this staffe.* They must come down another while,

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

**T**hough many a one do seem to smile,

**W**hen Geese do wink, they mean some gile,

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

Sturdie singeth **T**hough Tom be stout, and Tom be strong,  
*this staffe.* Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

**T**om hath a wife will take no wrong,

**B**ut teach her Tom another song. Here they end singing,

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.* and Tipple speaketh.

Tipple. Alas poor Tom, his Cake is dow.

Sturdie. Ye may see what it is to meet with a shrow.

**A**nd now we have song this merry fit,

**L**et us now leave gossiping yet,

Strife. Hold your peace foles, ye have no wit

**F**ill in and spars not, swill in, I care not.

**T**his drinke is ipse, to make us all tispe.

**A**nd now gossip Sturdie, if I may be so worshie,

**H**alf this I drinke to you.

Sturdie. The headache will sting you, I fear me anon,

**T**herefore let us be gone, I heartily pray you.

Strife. Tipple, What say you, will you drinke no more?

Tipple. I have tipped sore I promise you plain,

**P**et once and no more, have at you again.

Strife. Ho, pray God, ho.

Sturdie. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Here they sing again.

#### Another Song.

**T**he Mill a, the Mill a,  
So merrily goes the mery Mill a.

**L**et us slip, and let it slip,  
And go which way it will a,

**B**

**Let**

Let us trip, and let us skip,  
And let us drinck our fill a.  
Take the cup, and drinck all up,  
Give me the can to fill a:  
Every sup, and every cup,  
Hold here, and my god will a.  
Gossip mine, and Gossip thine,  
Now let us Gossip will a:  
Here is god wine, this Ale is fine,  
Now drinck of whiche you will a.  
Round about, till all be out,  
I pray you let us swill a:  
This jelly grout, is jelly and stout;  
I pray you stout it still a.  
Let us laugh, and let us quaff,  
God drinckers thinks none ill a:  
Here is your bag, here is your stasse,  
Be packing to the mill a.

Here they end singing, and *Tipple* speakeith first.

*Tipple.* So merrily goes the merrie mill a;  
Hold, here is my can.  
*Sturdie.* Nay I besh;ow my hart than,  
I must depart, therefore adew.  
*Strife.* Then tarrie and take us all with you.  
*Come Gossips, come.* Here they go all in, and  
Tom Tiler cometh out;

*T.Tiler.* I am a tiler as you see, a simple man of my de-  
gree,  
Yet many have need of me, to keep them clean and dye;  
And specially in the Summer time  
To pin their tiles, and make their lyme,  
And tile their houses to keep out rain,  
Being well rewarded for my pain.  
And wheres I work by week or day,  
I truly earn it and they truly pay;  
I would desire no better life;

Except

Except that God would change my wife,  
 If she were gone, and I were free,  
 What tiler then were like to me?  
 For hovsoever I travel, she uses me like a Javel,  
 And goeth from house to house, as drunk as a mouse;  
 Giving and granting, checking and taunting,  
 Bragging and taunting, flouting and flaunting.  
 And when I come home, she makes me a mome;  
 And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thumb,  
 With contrary biting too dear of reciting.  
 But this is the end, if I could get a friend  
 Some council to give me, you would not believe me  
 How glad I would be.

Enter Tom Tayler.

T. Tiler. The wiser man he, Tom. Tiler how now?  
 T. Tiler. Tom Tayler, how dost thou?  
 Tayler. After the old sort, in mirth and jolly sport,  
 Tayler like I tell you.

T. Tyler. Ah serra I smell you.  
 You have your hearts ease, to do what you please,  
 But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.  
 Tayler. Marrie that is well. But what if I have?

T. Tiler. May not I crave one friendly god turn,  
 While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to such ill fare?

Tayler. In faith I do not care,  
 But what meanest thou by this?  
 T. Tiler. To live in some blisse, and be rid of my wife.  
 Tayler. Why are you at strife, what is the cause?  
 T. Tiler. When I come in her claves,

She guides me so ever; but help me now or never,  
 As I told thee before,  
 Put her in hell, and I care so no more.

Tayler. Why foolish knave, what hell should I have?  
 With a wild evill am I a Devil?  
 Thou art out of thy wit.

T. Tiler. So bum say not yet, though I am vexed with a  
 Of a liberal wife, that will shorten my life.

*Sumer i yier and his Wife.*

And thou be no devil, take it not evill;  
For I heard tell, that thou hast a hell.  
And I have a wife, so devilish in strife,  
Which cannot do well, and therefore meeter for hell,  
Then here to remain.

Tayler. If the matter be so plain;  
Then what wilt thou say, if I find the way  
By words to intreat her, and after to beat her  
If she will not be ruled.

T.Tiler. She is so well schooled with too many shrowes  
To receive any blowes, never think so.

Tayler. If she be such a shrow, somthing at her shrow.  
Stand to it foolish calf, I will be thy half.  
What will she fighte?

T.Tiler. Yea her fingers be very light  
And that do I find, her checks be so unkind,  
Alwayes aud ever, she is pleased never,  
But suming and freating, buffeting and beating;  
Of this my silly costard.

Tayler. A hoorsone costard. And what dost thou than?

T.Tiler. Like a poore man,  
Desiring her gently to let me live quietly.

Tayler. Now of mine honestie I like thee the better.  
And wouldest thou let her?

T.Tiler. Yea, and so would you, I tell you true,  
If you were in my case.

Tayler. Nay then by Gods grace,  
I will prove by your leave, if she can me deceive  
By any such sort, ye shall see a good sport.  
Put off thy coat and all thy apparel;  
And soz thy quarrel I will make sped.  
And put on thy wæd, come on and unray thee.

T.Tiler. And what now I pray thee.

Tayler. Come give me the rest.

T. Tiler. I wene you do best. What mean you by this?

Tayler. No harm sir I wis.  
Now get me a cudgel, this is wondrous well,  
Now am I well armed if now I be harmed,

*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

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I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom Tiler;  
Now Thomas my friend, this is the end;  
You say your wife will fight, her fingers be so light;  
If she have such delight, I will conjure the sprite,  
If she come near, while I tarrie here.  
Therefore stand by, and when thou hearest me crie,  
Come help me to cheer me.

T.Tiler. Nay I must not come neer thee, Here Tom Tiler  
Be certain of that. goeth in a while.

Tayler. Well if you will not, make no more debating.  
Strife. Ye knave are ye prating? Enter Strife.  
When you shoulde be at work, do you loiter and lurk?  
Take that for your labour.

Tayler. Nay faith by your favour I will pay you again,  
There is for me to requite your pain.

Strife. Ye knave are you striking?

Tayler. Ye whoze, are ye greeking?

Strife. In faith ye knave I will cool you.

Tayler. In faith ye whoze I will rule you.

Strife. Ye knave are ye so fresh?

Tayler. Ye whoze I will plague your flesh.

Strife. And I will displease thee a little better;

Tayler. And in faith I will not die thy debtor.

How now, how like you your match?

Strife. As I did ever, even like a Patch.

Ah knave, wilt thou strike thy wife?

Tayler. Ye marrie, I love this gear alise.

Strife. Hold thy hand, and thou be a man.

Tayler. Kneel down and ask me forgiveness then.

Strife. Ah whoozson knave my bones is soze.

Tayler. Ah unhappy whoze; do so then no more.

Strife. I pray thee be still, thou shalt have thy will.

I will do so no more, I am sorie therefore.

I will never more strike, nor profer the like,

Alas I am killed.

Tayler. Nay thou art swilled as thou hast been e.

(ver.  
But

But trouble me never, I advise thee again.  
For I will brain thee then.  
Now praise at thy parting.

Strife. Who worth overwhalting that ever I knew,  
I am beaten so blew, and my gall is all burst.  
I thought at the first he had been a dolt.  
But I bridled a Colt of a contrarie bare,  
Soure sauce is now my chear.  
Therefore I will away, for I get nought by this play;  
And get me to bed, and dresse up my head.  
I am so sore beaten with blowes. He fireth in.

Tayler. It is hard matching with thowes.  
I see well enough the Damsel was tough,  
And loth soz to bend. But I think in the end  
I mads her to bow. But where is Tom now?  
That he may know how all matters do stand.

T. Tiler enters. T. Tiler. Here sit at hand. How now  
(Tom Tayler?)

Tayler. Much ado to quail her.  
But I believe my girds do her grieve,  
I dare be bold, she longs not to scold,  
Nor use her old spozt, in such devilish sort;

T. Tiler. I pray the why so?  
Tayler. I have made her so wo, so black and so blew,  
I have changed her hew and made her to bend;  
That to her lves end she will never offend  
In word nor in deed. Therefore now take heed  
She strike the no more.

T. Tiler. Ich will stroke the therefore;  
And Tom God a mercy.

Tayler. She looked arste verste at her first coming in,  
And so did begin with solwzng of showes,  
And fell to fair blowes.  
But then I behide me, and she never spide me;  
What I was I am sure. Therefore get the to her;  
And get the to bed, whatsoever is said.  
And care not a straw, soz thou hast her in awe.

*She*

She is so well beaten, she dare not once threaten,  
 Nor give thee any ill word at bed and at board,  
 But grunting and groaning, thou shalt find her moning  
 Her piteous case with a saint Johns face,  
 I warrant well painted, for I stroke till she fainted,  
 And paid her for all ever,  
 Till she said she wold never be churlish again.

T.Tiler. Let me alone with my damsel then ;  
 And if I be able, without any fable  
 I will quit thee.

Tayler. If she crossebite thee,  
 Hence forth evermore, beswinge her therefore,  
 And keēp her up short, from all her old sport.  
 And she will not be ruled, let her be coled:

T. Tiler. But I dare say, she will think of this day,  
 All her life long.

Tayler. Shall we have then a god song,  
 For joy of this glē betwixt her and thē?

T.Tiler. By my troth if you will, I shall fulfil  
 As much as I can.

Tayler. Let us sing than  
 The tying of the Mare, that went out of square.

T. Tiler. By my troth any you dare, go to begin.

Here they sing.

*Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie,  
 Lest she stray from thee away ;  
 Tie the mare Tomboy.*

Tom Tiler singeth.

**T**om might be merrie, and well might fare,  
 But for the haltering of his Mare,  
 Which is so wicked to fling and flee,  
 Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tailer singeth.

Blame not Thomas if Tom be sick,  
 His mare doth prance, his mare doth kick ;

She

She snorts and holds her head so hie,  
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tiler singeth.

If Tom crie hayt, or Tom crie hoe,  
His mare will straight give Tom a blee.  
Where she doth bait, Tom shall abie.  
Go tie thy mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tayler singeth.

Tom if thy mare do make such sport,  
I give thee councel to keep her short.  
If she be coltish, make her to crie.  
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Here they end singing, and Tom Tayler first speaketh.

Tayler. Well now to your charge,  
Let her run no more at large.  
But now she is so well framed,  
If she do ill you must be blamed,  
Therefore take heed heed.

T. Tiler. Yes that I will indeed.  
And I thank you for your pain,  
As I am bound I tell you plain.

Tayler. Well Thomas fare you well, Tom Taylor goeth in.  
Till you come where I do dwell.

T. Tiler. Ah serra this is trim, that my wife is coold  
( by him,

I marvel how she took the matter ;  
And how she will look when I come at her;  
And whether she be well or sick;  
For my part I doe not stick  
To do my dutie as I ought,  
Yet will I ne ver die for thought,  
I will go hie me home.

Tom Taylor goeth in.

Here entereth Sturdie and Tipple.

Sturdie. Farewell god honest momme.

Tipple

*A. S. Ayer* and his Wife.

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Tipple, How likest thou this match?  
Wouldst thou have thought the Patch,  
Would have beat his wife so black and blew from top to  
(*toe*)  
Being such a simple fool?

Tipple. Wellike he hath learned in a new school  
Whereto I cannot chuse but lasse,  
The still how eateth up all the drasse.  
Beware of such wily Pies.

Sturdie. But she, an she be wise,  
Will seek some way to rook him.

Tipple. It is too late to break him, if now he get the  
(*better*.)

Sturdie. If she can do so, let her;  
I dare be bold to say, she will do what she may.  
Lo here she cometh creeping,  
Alas for wo and weeping,  
The truth will now appear.

Enter Strife fair and  
softly, wailing and  
weeping.

Strife. Alas and well away.

Strife. How ill have I been used, my bones be all to  
(bruised.)

My flesh is plagued wily, and my head is woundey hily.  
My arms be back and blew, and all my sides be new.

Sturdie. Though all this be with you Gossip, discom-  
(fort never.)

Tipple. He watched ye once for ever.  
But trust his hands no more.

Strife. Alas I am so sore,  
I can neither stand nor sit, but am beside my wit;  
And never well apaid, till that I may be laid  
To ease me on my bed.

Sturdie. Bind this about your head,  
And hardly lay you down, we must into the town;  
And after that, surely then we will come to you again;  
And I pray you be of god cheer.

Tipple. I am sorrie to see you here  
In such unhappy case, but take some heart of grace,

C

Cod

God Gossip I pray you,  
Strife. Alas neighbours, I stay you  
From your busynesse perhaps, but I will take a nap,  
If I can where I lie.

Sturdie. Then we will see you again by and by.

Sturdie and Tipple goeth out, and Tom Tiler cometh in.

T. Tiler. I heard say my wife is abominable sick,  
Indeed she was beat with an unhappy stick,  
Gods, look where she lies, close with her eyes,  
That is well said I will get me to bed,  
And lay me hard by her, and yet not too neare her,  
For feare I awake her, a good yeare take her,  
For ussing me so.

Strife. Oat alas, O, O,  
My bones, my bones, fall in peeces at ones, !  
Alas, alas, I die, O husband, husband why,  
Why have you done so ? I was never your foe,  
So much as you make me, and so you may take me,  
If I have you offended, it shall be amended.  
Alas wherfore should ye beate me a so soare ?

T. Tyler. You would be still never, but buffet me,  
(ever,

And Gossip at will, when I must work still.  
And take ill your pleasure, and braul without measure  
And now you may see, as the old sayings bee,  
God sendeth now, short hornes to a curst Cow.  
I come home merrily, when you sit verely  
Lowzing and pouzing, knawing and lowting.  
And I was your noddy, as much as no body.

Strife. Alas what than, you being a man,  
Should beare with my folly, and you being holly,  
Night councel me, tho not beating me so.  
I thought I shoulde find, you loving and kinde,  
And not of this minde.  
For us to war foes, for such crewel blowes,  
I tell you plaine, I married my bane,

When

*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

17

When I married thee, as far as I see.

T. Tiler. Wife I am sorry, this ill is besalme ye.

But I tell you true, the fault was in you.

For till this day, I dare holdie say,

I never did proffer you such an offer;

It was your owne seeking.

Strife. I beshrew such striking.

So close by the ribs, you may strike your ribs

So, well enough.

T. Tiler. This rage and this ruffe

Need not to be, wise if ye love me,

Let us agree, in love and amitie,

And do so no more, I am sorry therefore.

I take God to my judge, that ever this grudge,

Should happen to be, between you and me.

Strife. Alas, I may mone I might have been woone

With half these strokes, but curstnesse provokes

Kind hearts to disleve, and hatred soz ever

Most commonly growes, by dealing of blowes.

Therefore blame not me, if I cannot love ye;

While we two have life.

T. Tiler. By my halydome Wife;

Because you say so, now shall ye know

If you will content you, that I do lament you.

For I will tell you true, When I saw you

Ever brakeling and fighting, and ever crossebiting,

Whiche made me still wo, that you shold thus do;

At last hereafter, I complaingd the matter

To Tom Tayler my Master, whos taking a waster

Did put on my coat, since ye will needs know it;

And so being disguised, he interprised

To come in my steed; and having my wæd

You pleading your passion after the old fashyon;

Thinking it was I, stroke him by and by,

Then straight did he in stede of me,

Currie your bones, as he said for the norres,

To make you obey.

Strife. Is it even so as you say ?  
 Gods will you knave, did you send such a slave  
 To revenge your quarrel in your apparel ?  
 Thou shalt abide as dearlie as I.  
 I thought by this place, thou hadst not the face  
 To beat me so sore. Have at thee once more.  
 I now wax fresh to plague a knaves flesh  
 That hath so plagued me, for evertie blow thee.  
 Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would have you.  
 Ah whoreson Dolt thou whoreson subtle Colt ;  
 Son of an Ore, how like you your knocks ?  
 The pils and the por, and the poison in bor  
 Consume such a knave, and bring him to grave.  
 The Crows and the Pies, and the verie flesh flies  
 Desire to plague thee. In faith I will plague thee.

T. Tiler. O wife, wife, I pray thee save my life.  
 You hurt me ever, I hurted you never,  
 For Gods sake content thee.

Strife. Pay thou shalt repent thee.  
 That ever Tom Tayler, that Russian and ratler  
 Was set to beat me, he had better he had eat me ;  
 I hope for to find some tosser so kind  
 To currie that knave, for the old grudge I have,  
 As now I do thee : there is one more for me.  
 Kneel down on your knee, you hoddie doddie ;  
 I will make you to stop though you set cock on hoop  
 For joy of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile her.  
 Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,  
 Like an ass as you be.

T. Tiler. Why should you strike me  
 For another mans fault ?

Strife. Because thou art naught,  
 And be a vile knave.

Enter Sturdie  
and Tipple.

Sturdie. What more can ye have ?  
 Euonagh is enough, as god as a feast.

Strife. He shall bear me one cuff yet more like a beast.

Tipple. Gossip content thee, and strike him no more.

T. Tiler.

*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

19

T. Tiler. All the world wonders upon her therefore,  
Sturdie. Away neighbour Thomas out of her sight.

T. Tiler. Alas she hath almost kild me out right.  
I will rather die then see her again.

*Go in T. Tiler.*

Strife. I promise you, I have a great losse then,

How like ye now this last overswarting ?

It is an old saying, praise at the parting.

I think I have made the Cullion to swring.

I was not beaten so black and blew,

But I am sure he has as many new.

My heart is well eased, and I have my wish,

This chaking hath made me as whole as a fish.

And now I dare boldly be merrie again.

Sturdie. By saint mary you are the happier then.

My neighbour and I, might hap to abie,

If we shold so do, as he suffereth you ;

But me commend you.

Strife. I can now intend you,

To laugh and to quafe, and lay down my staff,

To dance or to sing.

Tipple. There were no such thing, after this madnes.

Sturdie. And ye say it in sadness,

Let us set in, on a merrie pin.

The storie of the strife, between Tom and his wife,

As well as we can.

Strife. Shall I begin then to set you both in ?

For I can best do it,

Sturdie. Now I pray thee go to it.

Here they sing.

Hey derie, hoe derie, hey derie dan,

The Tylers wife of our Town,

Hath beaten her good man.

A Song.

**T**om Tiler was a trifeler,  
And fain would have the skill

20

20 Tom Tyler and his Wite.

To practise with Tom Tayler,  
To break his Wives will.  
Tom Tayler got the victorie,  
Till Tylers Wifse did know,  
It was a point of subtilitie ;  
Then Tom was beat for wo.  
Thomas Tilers Wifse said evermore  
I will full merrie make,  
And never trust a man no more  
For Thomas Taylers sake.  
But if Tom Tiler give a stroke,  
Perhaps if he be stout,  
He shall then have his costard stroke,  
Till blood go round about.  
Though some be sheep, yet some be shrowes,  
Let them be fools that lust :  
Tom Tilers wife will take no blows,  
No more then needs she must.  
If Tom be wise, he will beware,  
Before he make his match,  
To do no further then he dars,      Here they end  
For fear he prove a Patch.      singing.  
Strife. Gossips, godlige for this merrie song ;  
Pray God we may long keep such merrie glee.  
Sturdie. Be marrie say we,  
God grant all wifes, to lead the like lives  
That you do now.  
Tipple. I know not how that may come to passe,  
But by the Hasse, god handling doth much.  
Strife. For a fair touch my will shall not want.  
Sturdie. Would God I could plant,  
My eye-lids in such sort to make such a sport,  
And live so at ease, to do what I please.  
Tipple. Alwais the Heas  
Be not like mild, but wanton and wild  
Sometime more higher, then need shall require ;  
So may the hap be with you and withme.

Strife.

Strife. Let all this be, for we will agree,  
And let us away, for I dare say,  
Tom Tiler is gone to make his mone,  
After these strokes, like a wise Coaks;  
But all is one.

Sturdie. Come let us be gone it is time for to go.  
Tipple. I think it be so; come on, have with you.

Here they go in, and *Tom Tayler*, *Tom Tiler*, and *Destinie* enter.

T. Tiler. If Destinie dr̄be poor Tom for to live.  
For ever in strife with such an ill wife;  
Then Tom may complain, no more to remain  
Here on the earth, but rather wish death.  
For this is too bad.

Tayler. Why, how now my lad, what news with thee?  
T. Tiler. In faith as ye see.

After the old fashon, pleading on passion  
If Fortune will it, I must fulfil it.

If Destinie say it, I cannot deny it.

Destinie. Nor I cannot stay it.

For when thou wast born, thy luck was forlorn.  
Therefore content thee, and never repent thee.

T. Tayler. I cannot lament thee.  
For I am sure you know, I charmed your shrow,  
With such cruel blowes, by the faith that now goes  
I thought she would die.

T. Tiler. Then happie were I.

Tayler. And a god cause why,  
But you may now go for bacon to Dunno.

T. Tiler. Yet fain wold I know, of Destinie now;  
How long and how my life shall it passe.

Tayler. Why foolish asse, that were but a follie.  
For he is too hollie to tell any news.

Destinie. I do not use, to tell ore a strike,  
I suddenly gleck, ore men be aware.

Tayler. Then I can declare if I look in thy hand,  
How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy fist.

T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. Here, do what ye list.

Tayler. By my troth I will it, and have not mist it.

He striketh him on the cheek.

By the sign that here goes, you are born to take blowes.

Larrie, let me look again.

Tom Tyler. Nay beshew my heart then.

Tayler. Aske Destinie hereby, and I make a lie.

Destinie. No, you do not indeed.

T. Tyler. Then I will change my weed,  
And tyle it no more, if my chance be so sore,  
As you two doe make it.

Destiny. We do not mistake it,  
Thereof be you bold, and this hope you may hold,  
If your fortune bee to hang on a tree,  
Five foot from the ground, ye shall never be drownd.  
So if you be borne, to hold with the horne,  
How soever your wife set it, you cannot let it.  
And if you leade an ill life, by chance of your wife,  
Take this for verity, all is but your destiny.  
And though your deedes prove naught,  
Yet am I not in fault.

T. Tiler. Then let me be taught, how to ethelw,  
Such dangers as you, enforce to a man.

Destiny. Yea, but who can instruct you thereon?  
For all is no more then I have said before.  
But howsoever it be, learn this of me,  
If you take it not ill, but with a good will,  
It shall never grieve you.

Tayler. No faith, I believe you,  
That is even all. He that loves th' all,  
It were pittie he should lack it.

T. Tyler. Then I must pack it  
Between the coat and the skin,  
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,  
Since I am married with Strife,  
Hap god hap, will, hap god, hap evil;  
Even hap as hap may.

Tayler.

*Tom Tyler and his Wise.*

23

Tayler. That is a wise way.

Never set at thy heart, thy wifes churlish part,  
That she sets at her heel, such sorrows to feel.

It would grieve any Saint.

*Enter Strife.*

Strife. Take a pensil, and paint your words in a table,  
That the foole may be able to know what to doe.

Desteny. Here is one comes to woo,

By the Masse I will not tary. *Desteny goeth in.*

Strife. I would it were muskadine for ye,  
To stand prating with knaves.

Tayler. Hark how she raves, she longyes for a whip.

Strife. He saith good man blabberlip.

You pricklouse knave you, have you nothing to do  
At home with your shreds? a prayer or wise heads  
I promise you you have. But ye, doltish knave,  
Come home, or I will fetch you.

Tayler. Now a halter stretch you.

And them that sent you.

*Enter Patience.*

Patience. Good friendes, I pray you content you.

Whence cometh this strife, I pray thee good wife?

Be patient for all.

Strife. And shall the knave baul.

And make discord to be, betweene my husband and me.]

Patience. Why so? are you he

That setteth debate, and disposed to prate?

I pray you be still.

Tayler. Marre with a good will.

As God shall save me, I did behaue me

As well as might bee, as these folkes did see.

I ill this giggle dame, into this place came

But she is too too bad.

Patience. And I count him mad,

That for any fit, will compare his wif,

And with a foolish woman to wander,

He is as wise as a Gander.

You are too much to blame, and you to for swaine,

Leave your old canker, and let your sheet anker

D

Be

Be always so bold, where I patience am bold  
 If things hap awry, to fall out by and by,  
 It doth not agree, though Desteny be  
 Unfriendly to some, as he hits all that come,  
 In wealth and in wo, I am sure you know,  
 There should be no strife, betweene man and wife  
 And thus my tale endes, I would have you all friends  
 And I would have Tom taylor to be no tayler,  
 Nor Tom tyler to chide, which I cannot abide.  
 Nor his wife for to shew, any prankes of a shrew.

T. Tyler. Ich wold god it were so, for I bid the wo.  
 Ich wish it for my part, even with all my heart.  
 For howsoever it goes, I beare the blowes,  
 Which I tell you I like not.

Tayler. Though I chide, I strike not,  
 Your Mastership doth see.

Strife. I behelw his knaves heart, that last stroke me.  
 Patience. Well once againe let this foolishnesse be.

And as I told you, so I pray you hold you,  
 For I will not away, till I set such a stay,  
 To make you gree friendly, that now chace unkindly.  
 Come on Strife I finde, your charliss kinde.  
 You must needes bridle, if it be possible,  
 For els it were vaine, to take any paine.  
 Take Tom by the fist, and let me see him kiss,

Strife. If Patience intreat me,  
 I will though Tom beate me,

T. Tyler. Well wife, I thanke you.

Patience. Nay whither away prank you?  
 Tom Tayler also, shall you kiss ere you go,  
 And see you be friends.

Strife. I would he had kiss both the endes.

Tayler. Nay, there a boate coale

Patience. Now see this wilde Foale.  
 Be quiet I pray you, for therefore I stay you.  
 And Desteny to thee, thou must also agree,  
 As well as the rest.

Enter Desteny  
 Desteny

*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

25

Destenie. I think it so best.

Now speak alto-  
ther, except Pati-  
ence.

Be you agreed all?

All speak. We are, and we shall.

Patience. Then take hands, and take chance,  
And I will lead the dance.

Come sing after me, and look we agree.

Here they sing this Song.

A Song.

Patience entreateth good fellows all,  
Where Folly beateth to break their bawll,  
Wheres wills be willfull, and Fortune th'all,  
A patient party persuadeth all.

Though Strife be surdy to move debate,  
As some unworthy have done of late.  
And he that worst may the candel carry,  
If Patience pray thee, do neverarry.

If froward Fortune hap so awrie,  
To make thee marry by Dessenie,  
If fits unkindly do move thy mood,  
Take all things patiently, both ill and good.

Patience perforce if thou endure,  
It will be better thou mayest be sure,  
In wealth or wo, howsoever it ends,  
Wheresoever ye go, be patient friends.

The end of this Song.

Here they all go in, and one cometh out, and singeth this Song  
following all alone with instruments, and all the rest with-  
in sing between every staffe, the first two lines.

D 2

The

## The concluding Song.

When sorrows be great, and hap awry,  
Let Reason intreat thee patiently.

## A Song.

Though pinching be a privie pain,  
To want desire that is but vain.  
Though some be curst, and some be kind  
Subdue the worst with patient mind.

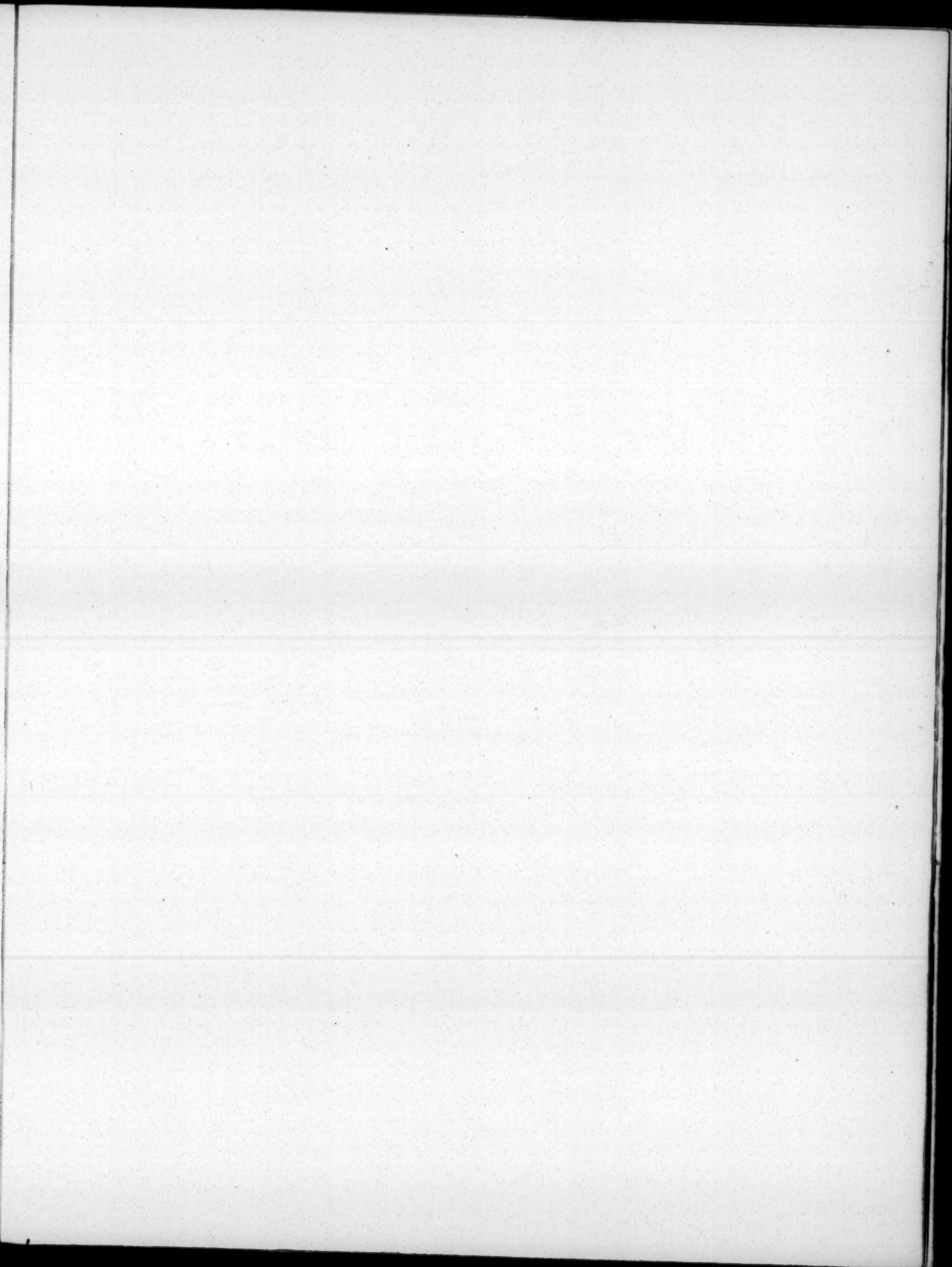
Who sits so hie, who sits so low?  
Who feels such joy, that feels no wo?  
When bale is bad, good boot is ny  
Take all adventures patiently.

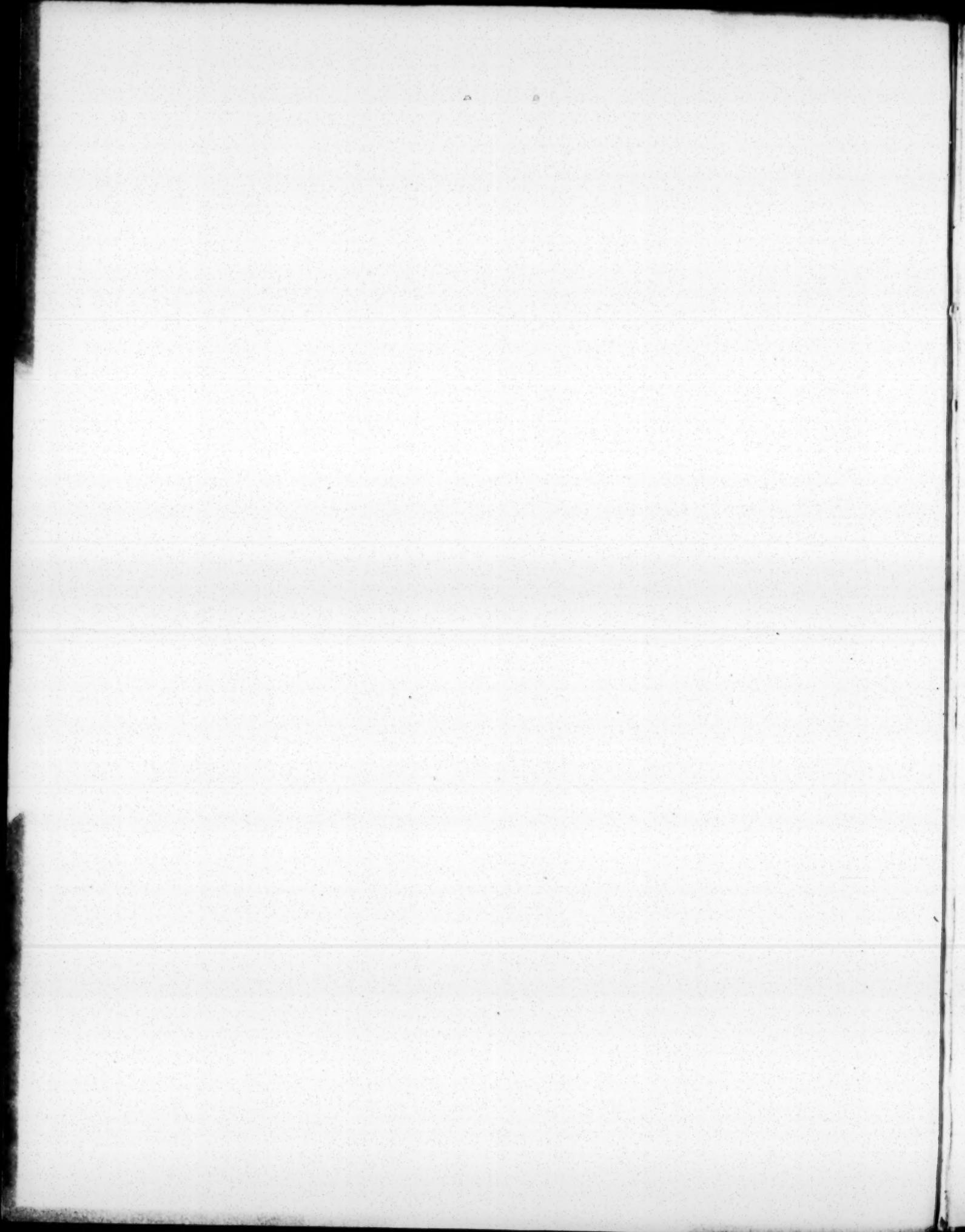
To marrie a sheep, to marrie a shrow,  
To meet with a friend, to meet with a foe,  
These checks of chance can no man site,  
But God himself that rules the skie.

Which God prese we our Noble Queen,  
From perasons chance that hath been seen,  
And send her Subjects grace say I.  
To serve her Hignesse patiently.

## God save the Queen.

O Read, wed<sup>d</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> Sep<sup>t</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> 1793.





27/202